

FLORSHEIM SHOES--BEST MADE--MANN BROTHERS & HOLTON

ELECTION SATURDAY POLLED GREATEST VOTE RECORDED IN McCULLOCH

OVER 95% OF QUALIFIED VOTERS REGISTER PREFERENCE AT POLLS--O. C. WADDILL WINS SHERIFF RACE OVER J. C. WALL BY ONE VOTE.

Election day last Saturday passed quietly enough in McCulloch county, but the election nevertheless lacked nothing in interest, as was evidenced by the heavy vote cast--the heaviest vote ever recorded in this county.

In the Brady precinct, out of a possible voting strength of 916, the vote recorded totaled 870. Numbers of boxes cast a full strength vote, and several cast a heavier vote than was accredited them, new voters having moved in from other precincts.

Candidates in the run-off election the fourth Saturday in August will be H. R. Hodges and S. R. Hayes for Tax Assessor; Chas. Samuelson and H. S. Snearly for Commissioner Precinct No. 1; J. R. Winstead and L. A. Watkins for Commissioner Precinct No. 3; S. H. Gainer and H. H. Knight for Commissioner Precinct No. 4.

Tabulated county election returns on Page 3 of this edition. These returns are complete, with the exception of a few of the State races, which lack the Whiteland vote.

In the race for Representative, 93rd District, A. B. Wilson of San Saba county apparently has a substantial lead. James Finlay of Fife runs second and will, in all likelihood, be in the run-off with Wilson.

Table with 4 columns: McCulloch, San Saba, Lampasas, Total. Rows: Beasley, Wilson, Finlay.

County candidates winning the Democratic nomination were: Boyd Commander, District Clerk J. A. Holton, County Attorney W. J. Yantis, County Clerk Otis Waddill, Sheriff H. K. Adkins, Tax Collector Mrs. Nona Montgomery, County Treasurer.

Table with 5 columns: Lost Creek, Camps, Voca, Mt. Tabor, Tot. Rows: Leonard Passmore, R. L. Burns.

Table with 7 columns: E.Gan, Lohn, P.Val, Waldrip, Stacy, Fife, Tot. Rows: L. A. Watkins, W. J. Reed, J. M. Carroll, J. F. Priest, J. R. Winstead.

Table with 5 columns: Placid, Rochelle, Cow Boy, Milb'n, Merc'y, Tot. Rows: J. F. Kyzar, G. C. Parker, H. H. Knight, S. H. Gainer.

Congressional Returns.

In the race for Congressman, 17th Congressional district, it would appear, that Thomas L. Blanton has again outdistanced all his opponents. In McCulloch county, Blanton lacked but 164 votes of getting as many tallies as his three opponents combined.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Votes. Rows: Blanton, Callaway, Cunningham, Dibrell, Holland.

G. R. WHITE BARN AND GARAGE GUTTED BY BLAZE

The big two-story barn and garage at the G. R. White residence on South Blackburn street was gutted by fire at about 4:00 o'clock this afternoon. None of the family were at home at the time, Mr. and Mrs. White having left last night for Fort Worth, and origin of the fire is a mystery.

Besides the virtual destruction of the barn and its contents, Mr. White's new Hudson car was badly burned, scorched and damaged. His other car, fortunately, chanced to be in storage in a local garage.

Death of Forrest Winfield Adkins.

Forrest Winfield, little son of County Judge and Mrs. Evans J. Adkins, passed away last Friday morning at 8:20 o'clock, following an illness of about eighteen days with cholera infantum.

Funeral services were held Saturday morning at 9:00 o'clock at the residence of his grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Joe A. Adkins, the services being conducted by the Revs. S. C. Dunn and Buren Sparks.

To the Voters of McCulloch County: I take this method in thanking the voters of this county for the wonderful support that you gave me in the recent Primary election.

I want you to know that I most certainly appreciate the confidence that you have placed in me, and I shall do my utmost to administer the affairs of your schools in such a manner that you will never regret having placed this confidence in me.

Hoping that I may serve you better in the future, and earnestly soliciting the co-operation of all, in school work, I am, Sincerely, W. M. DEANS.

Colored Baptist Church.

J. N. O. Brown, pastor of the colored Baptist church of this city announced this week the Sixth Annual Session of the Sunset Association, a colored Baptist organization to open at the St. James Baptist church August 16th to 21st, 1922.

Day Books. The Brady Standard.

FIRST OIL WELL OF STANZA & CO. SPURRED IN 20TH

The first of a new series of shallow oil wells in the Mercury section, which have been contracted by Stanza & Co. of St. Louis, was spudded in last Thursday, and 27 feet of hole had been made by Friday afternoon.

Mr. Beakley states that all the best producers in the Mercury field have been drilled on a ridge, and the locations on his ranch follow this same ridge, so he feels reasonably sure that the same oil strata will be found as in the original wells there.

Death of Mrs. Douglas Cantwell.

As a great shock to innumerable friends came the news of the death of Mrs. Douglas Cantwell, which occurred Monday morning at 12:30 o'clock, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Dillard, five miles this side of Lohn.

Mrs. Cantwell, prior to her marriage about a year ago was Miss Olive Dillard. She spent her childhood and early youth in the Cow Gap community, where she was loved and esteemed by all.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 5:00 o'clock at the tabernacle at Lohn, Rev. Newton, Baptist minister at Lohn, assisted by the Rev. Buren Sparks of Brady, conducting. Interment was made in the cemetery at Lohn.

Besides the husband, deceased is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Dillard, and by several sisters and brothers. Her sisters, Miss Willie Mae Dillard of Fort Worth and Mrs. Ferris Woodard of Dallas were in attendance upon the funeral services.

Public Installation Called Off.

The public installation has been called off. Work in the Master's degree Friday night. Will serve refreshments. All Master Masons cordially invited to attend. MELVIN LODGE A.F.&A.M. No.1122. W. C. Morrow, Worshipful Master.

MAYFIELD LEADS SENATORIAL RACE AND FERGUSON HOLDS SECOND PLACE

KU KLUX KLAN CANDIDATES REGISTER SWEEPING VICTORY IN ALL LARGER CITIES--PARADE UNMASKED IN CELEBRATION IN CITY OF DALLAS.

Ku Klux Klan candidates registered a sweeping victory at the polls last Saturday, the Klan favorites being elected in all the larger cities almost without exception. While the returns were being bulletined in Dallas, the Klan staged a big parade unmasked, the Cyclops of the order and other officers proclaiming their identity.

With his lead over Charles A. Culberson increasing as the late returns pour in, James E. Ferguson seems assured as the opponent of Earle B. Mayfield in the run-off election for the United States Senatorship. At 8 o'clock Monday night Ferguson's lead over Culberson had increased to 14,355 with 435,563 votes accounted for. The returns were from 236 counties, including 43 complete.

Early Monday Culberson made gains on the lead of Ferguson, but tabulations in the afternoon were in favor of the Temple man. The tabulations Monday did not change the relative positions of the candidates in the Senatorial race.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Votes. Rows: Mayfield, Ferguson, Culberson, Thomas, Ousley, Henry.

Gubernatorial Returns.

Governor Pat M. Neff's majority over his opponents also increased as the returns came in, his lead over the total of the other three candidates at 8 p. m. Monday being 31,504. The returns in the Governor's race gave: Neff 220,851; Rogers 126,706; Warner 89,728; King 12,913.

Other State Candidates.

The detailed vote for other State officials follows: Lieutenant Governor. Davidson 117,362; Edmondson 41,838; Jamison 22,774; Johnson 54,590; Mayfield 133,085.

State Treasurer. Carroll 42,727; Christian 39,114; Garrett 82,030; Kerr 34,202; Kirgan 18,302; Tension 23,287; Terrell 98,821.

Railroad Commissioner. Mason 116,638; Mayfield 214,310. Commissioner of Land Office. Robison 178,689; Thompson 145,037.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

TAIN' NO SENSE ER DE STO-KEEPUH CHEATIN' ME OUTEN MAH MONEY. CASE HE KNOW GOOD EN WELL HE GWINE GIT IT ALL ENNY-HOW!



Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Table with 2 columns: Name, Votes. Rows: Bentley, Marrs, Smith, Judge Court of Criminal Appeals, Harper, Morrow, Comptroller, Smith, Woodall.

INTERESTING ELECTION NEWS CONCERNING CANDIDATES WELL KNOWN IN McCULLOCH

Herbert Adkins, for several years past County Judge of Lampasas county, suffered defeat at the polls last Saturday when he asked for re-election. The Lampasas county voters are said to have made a clean sweep of their old courthouse officials.

J. K. Baker of Coleman Monday advised Judge Joe A. Adkins by phone that at that time he stood 8,000 in the lead in his race for Associate Justice Court of Civil Appeals, Third Supreme Judicial District.

F. M. Slaughter was re-elected Sheriff of Menard county; Fred A. Ellis, re-elected Tax Assessor; J. D. Scruggs, re-elected County Judge, and Miss Bertha Meers was elected District and County Clerk.

At Junction Dee Gibbs is reported 40 votes in the lead of W. W. Taylor, present Sheriff, and the two will be in the run-off together.

Chas. Leslie was re-elected Sheriff at Mason, and Willie Bode was re-elected Tax Assessor.

Edgar Neal was re-elected Sheriff of San Saba county.

Bob Miller, candidate for re-election as Sheriff of Concho county won by a large majority.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our deep appreciation of the kindness and assistance of neighbors and friends during the illness and upon the death of our dear wife and daughter. Also to thank all for the floral tributes. For your words of sympathy and condolence we are very grateful. May God bless you all.

DOUGLAS CANTWELL, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. DILLIARD and Family, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. CANTWELL and Family.

Notice.

I will take it as a great favor by any who expects to attend our Reunion at Christoval August 2, 3 and 4th who may have a vacant seat in their car for an old soldier that has no way to go, to kindly advise me. L. BALLOU, Adj. U. C. V.

Card of Thanks.

Words fail to express our appreciation of the many kindnesses shown us by neighbors and friends during the illness of our little son and grandson, Forrest Winfield, for the sympathy and consolation offered us at his passing, and for the beautiful floral offerings. To all we are deeply grateful. May God's richest blessings reward you.

Mr. and Mrs. EVANS J. ADKINS, Mr. and Mrs. JOE A. ADKINS.

New York City has more than 500 women physicians and surgeons.



# THE BRADY STANDARD

H. F. Schwenker, Editor

Absorbed the Brady Enterprise and the McCulloch County Star May 2nd, 1910

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1910, at postoffice at Brady, Tex., under Act of March 3, 1879.

OFFICE IN STANDARD BUILDING

ADVERTISING RATES  
Local Readers, 7 1/2c per line, per issue  
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Display Rates Given upon Application

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

Notices of church entertainments where a charge of admission is made, obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all matters not news, will be charged for at the regular rates.

BRADY, TEXAS, July 25, 1922

## LYNCHING RECORD IN U. S. FOR SIX MONTHS.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, for colored young men and women, located at Tuskegee, Oklahoma, has sent out a report on lynchings in the United States for the first six months of the year.

There have been 30 lynchings in the U. S. according to the negro school's report for the first six months of 1922, which is six less than for the first six months last year and 18 more than for the first six months of 1920. Texas and Mississippi are charged with 19 of the 30, or almost two-thirds of the total number.

Of those lynched, 2 were white and 28 were negroes. Eleven of those put to death were charged with the crime of rape and nineteen were charged with other offenses. Five of those put to death were burned at the stake and 3 were first put to death and then their bodies were burned. Four of those lynched in the year 1921, were burned at the stake and three were first put to death, and then their bodies were burned.

The states in which lynchings occurred and the number in each state are as follows: Alabama, 1; Arkansas, 2; Florida, 1; Georgia, 3; Louisiana, 1; Mississippi, 7; South Carolina, 1; Oklahoma, 1; and Texas, 12.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

## HIGHWAYS.

Good roads building is in its infancy.

The people, especially the people in this section of the country, are just waking up and beginning to realize the value of good roads.

The auto industry has not been fully developed, and auto travel is demanding good roads. Good roads are cheaper than bad roads to say nothing of the time saved and the better comfort in traveling over good roads. The saving on repair bills will more than pay for the good roads.

Be they dirt roads, gravel roads, asphalt pikes or some other kind of pikes, the time is here when we must devote more time and spend more money in providing highways. Thru this section of the country good roads can be constructed cheaper than most anywhere else. Dirt roads properly graded and kept dragged are cheap as the dirt they are made on, and there is no excuse in not at least keeping up good dirt roads.

No one item of public improvement is more important than good roads, and the man who offers for a place on the road building commission, or who is already serving on that commission must show ability to cope with the situation, if he expects to remain in charge of the road work very long.

We have at last reached the point in history where almost every person is a good road advocate, and is demanding more highways and better highways.—Ballinger Banner-Ledger.

The fear now is that the republican administration may not survive to enjoy the prosperity which it is creating.—Asheville Times.

The study of geography is important, because if it wasn't for geography we wouldn't know where we lived.—New York Mail.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Subscriptions for a period of less than three months, 5c per copy, straight.

## GOOD HUNTING FOR SHARKS

Unfortunate School of Porpoises Helpless in the Power of Their Inveterate Enemies.

Passengers on the Scandinavian liner, Frederick VIII, which arrived at New York a few days ago, told a remarkable tale of a grim battle between occupants of the deep, while off the Grand banks of Newfoundland. The ship was proceeding swiftly in good weather about dawn when the lookout sighted a large school of porpoises ahead.

Instead of proceeding as usual in one direction in orderly fashion, describing an occasional graceful arc in the air, the fish plunged madly in all directions, leaping straight in the air and lashing the water to foam. As they became aware of the presence of the ship they quickly gathered closely about it, as though for protection, swimming rapidly alongside to keep pace with it.

Their number was estimated at 200, the largest school any of the crew had ever seen.

Suddenly a number of huge black shadows were noted stealing up on the school from behind. The sinister dorsal fin occasionally appearing above the water proclaimed them to be sharks. They gained steadily and finally plunged among the porpoises. Instantly the terror of the latter again became apparent as they strove madly to escape in all directions.

In their confusion they dived wildly against the side of the ship. Some were struck by the on-rushing bow. Others were drawn into propellers.

Meanwhile the sharks continued a methodical campaign of extermination. One after another of the frantic porpoises was ripped by the teeth of the pursuing monsters, and left to be consumed later at leisure.

The fight continued until half the school had been killed, when the sharks abandoned the chase.

For an hour after, the porpoises clung to the ship. At last, deciding the danger had passed, they swung off on a course at right angles and disappeared.

## Giving Up the Game.

Twenty thousand people committed suicide last year in the United States, which fact seems to be a reflection upon our well-ordered life, writes William Allen White in Judge. It would seem that the great panorama which history is unfolding before us day by day, forever beckoning with its tomorrows and luring us with big events just around the corner from today—it would seem that that gripping panorama ought to hold us all in our seats upon this planet. We may be hungry, we may be forsaken, we may be cold, sick, unloved and unloving, and yet it would seem that the daily story of life about us, the great tragic events that are looming before us in Europe and in Asia, and the great comedy that should cramp our sides with anguished laughter here in America, should hold us tightly upon this planet. Yet 20,000 of us have voluntarily got up and walked out, left the show cold and flat and for what? Perhaps they are going to the big show, perhaps they are only going to bed. But they are missing a mighty good thing, nevertheless. The spinning world never before has held so much to charm the eye and engross the soul as it holds today.

## Hospital for Plants.

A hospital for plants is the latest device, designed by an ingenious Englishman, for the aid and comfort of lovers of flowers, who are often distressed at sight of their favorite plants ailing and dying from maladies for which they know no cure. When a sick plant is brought to the hospital, it is immediately examined and sent to the room prepared for its case. If it is suffering from a cold it is tended with heat; if it has become anaemic from an excess of solar rays, it goes through a freezing treatment. The unwholesome branches are removed, while those that are anaemic are fed.

It seems that certain plants are very nervous. Some easily get neurasthenic, while their neighbors show undeniable symptoms of hysteria. But special managements permit the application to each of them of the treatment it requires.

## Danger of Sunset.

The death of Funchal of the ex-Emperor Charles, who succumbed to broncho-pneumonia, caused great astonishment, for it was supposed that in the warm atmosphere of Madeira people did not die from such affections, but were cured of them.

The action of the sun is, however, not uniformly beneficent, and many physicians distrust its last rays when it is disappearing on the horizon. It is well known that in warm countries people provide against the sudden lowering of the temperature which then occurs.

Thus, in all churches in Rome they sing the Angelus an hour before sunset to warn all those outdoors to take the necessary precautions.

## Life-Saving Watercycle.

A watercycle has been invented by a Wisconsin man which can be used for life-saving purposes or as a pleasure craft for bathers. The frame is made of aluminum tubing and is of knockdown construction, held together by thumbscrews. Buoyancy is supplied by two air-inflated tubes, in balloon-cloth cases, which slip over the side tubes of the frame. The watercycle is forced through the water by a gear-driven propeller which is operated by bicycle pedals, the machine being steered by a rudder and handlebar.—Popular Mechanic Magazine.

# THE BRADY STANDARD'S LITTLE BUSINESS GETTERS

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One Inch Card, one time a week, per month .....\$1.00

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**CLASSIFIED ADS**

**FOR RENT**  
FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms. Phone 131.

**LOST**  
LOST—On or near reunion grounds Thursday night, July 13th, cameo brooch. Reward for return to Standard office.

**FOR SALE**  
FOR SALE—5-gallon Bowser Gasoline pump. F. R. WULFF MOTOR CO., Brady.

FOR SALE—Good, second-hand Deering Row Binder. O. D. MANN & SONS.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 4-room house with bath and sleeping porch. Might take some trade in a car. See W. N. ROBERTS, Brady.

**FOUND**  
FOUND—Radiator cap. Owner recover at Standard office by paying for this notice.

FOUND—Hub cap for truck. Owner recover at Standard office by paying for this notice.

FOUND—Radiator cap. Owner recover at Standard office by paying for this notice.

FOUND—Hub cap for truck. Owner recover at Standard office by paying for this notice.

Is your appetite jaded? Is your digestion poor? If so, Tanlac is what you need. Trigg Drug Co.  
If you want more milk from your cows, feed Polka Dot Dairy feed. MACY & CO.

## MORE'N ENUFF!

O. D. Mann & Sons wanted some sacks for putting up charcoal. They placed a Classy-Fi-Ad in The Brady Standard, let it run two times, and then phoned us post-haste to cut the ad out. "We've gotten more sacks than we know what to do with," said they.

For certain results—quick—  
For reaching the folks you want to reach—now—  
For bringing home the bacon—rind and all—

### The Brady Standard's Classy-Fi-Ads

Work Like "Sixty" for Two-Bits and Up

## AWALT & BENSON

Draying and Heavy Hauling of All Kinds

Will appreciate your draying and hauling business. Your freight and packages handled by careful and painstaking employees.

## AWALT & BENSON

The stomach regulates the condition of the blood and is the foundation head of health or disease. Get your stomach right by taking Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

Have a good, second-hand Deering Row Binder for sale. O. D. MANN & SONS.

We are still rendering the best of service in our repair department; also carry a line of the best in jewelry. A. F. GRANT, Jeweler, West Side Square.

Have a good, second-hand Deering Row Binder for sale. O. D. MANN & SONS.

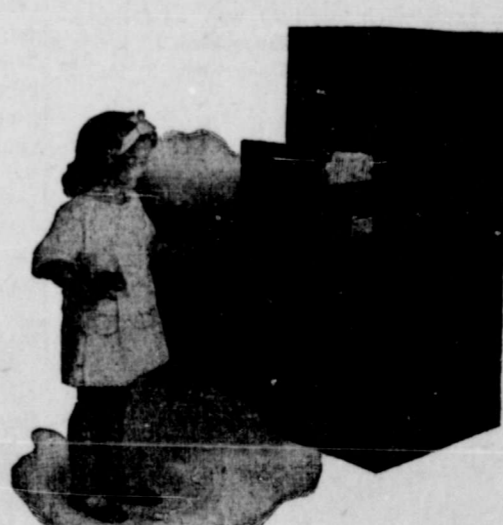
## W. H. BALLOU & CO.

### General Insurance

Office Over Commercial National Bank

Don't let that miserable tired feeling become a habit. Get rid of it today by taking Tanlac. Trigg Drug Co.

# Why the No. 2070 Excels



Built by Shaw-Walker.  
Has no nuts, bolts or screws.  
It's rigid.  
The drawers open and close easily and smoothly.  
The slide is progressive. It's a well-made, durable slide.

The drawers are 25 1/2 inches deep. This gives you eight or ten more inches filing space per four drawers than you secure in other low-priced files.

So this case gives you the essentials—rigidity, big capacity, easy operating drawers.

Of course, it's not as good a case as the No. 1070. Have to sacrifice somewhere. Lighter gauge of steel, steel hardware, and a slip-in follower block save money, yet detract little from the file's actual usefulness.

May be had in olive green or mahogany, with or without locks.

## The Brady Standard

PHONE 163 BRADY, TEXAS  
OUR YOUNG MAN WILL DELIVER THE GOODS



# Tabulated Returns Primary Election

	Brady	Nine	Camp S. S.	Voca.	Rochelle	Cowboy	Millum	John	Waldrup	Stacy	Mercury	Five	Pear Valley	Melvin	St. Tabor	Calif. Creek	Placid	Lost Creek	East Gansel	Whitland	TOTAL
Voting Strength	916	30	49	105	225	35	29	166	72	33	102	76	103	172	25	62	76	25	48	37	2386
Vote Cast	870	30	49	110	208	35	36	142	77	35	85	66	108	131	29	45	87	38	49		2230
<b>For United States Senator:</b>																					
EARLE B. MAYFIELD	103	3	5	10	19	3	0	17	9	5	6	4	13	19	5	1	15	1	5	2	245
CULLEN F. THOMAS	148	0	7	10	48	5	6	31	20	7	32	4	20	22	7	2	16	1	3	5	394
C. A. CULBERSON	91	2	1	9	6	2	1	11	16	0	8	5	10	12	3	5	9	0	2	0	192
CLARENCE OUSLEY	279	14	13	25	60	5	17	37	12	8	20	19	15	25	3	12	11	5	4	5	589
ROBERT LEE HENRY	37	2	1	2	5	0	3	3	2	2	0	2	1	2	4	2	0	1	0	1	70
JAMES E. FERGUSON	104	1	10	23	51	19	8	18	10	11	13	23	22	25	5	10	10	20	31	27	441
<b>For Congressman at Large:</b>																					
E. W. COLE	852	30	48	106	207	34	34	137	74	35	85	62	106	131	27	37	82	36	49		2172
<b>For Chief Justice Supreme Court:</b>																					
C. M. CURETON	853	30	48	103	202	33	34	137	74	35	85	65	106	129	27	35	82	36	49		2163
<b>For Asso. Justice Supreme Court:</b>																					
THOS. B. GREENWOOD	852	30	48	106	202	34	34	137	74	35	85	66	105	130	27	36	83	36	49		2169
<b>For Judge Court Criminal Appeals:</b>																					
<i>(Full Term)</i>																					
W. C. MORROW	471	13	20	39	112	21	21	67	36	18	38	32	44	61	18	24	42	10	33		1120
A. J. HARPER	264	10	18	43	63	13	12	61	28	14	33	29	39	32	9	8	20	23	12		746
<i>(Unexpired Term)</i>																					
F. L. HAWKINS	853	30	48	104	199	35	34	138	75	35	84	66	106	131	27	36	83	35	50		2149
<b>For Governor:</b>																					
W. W. KING	32	1	4	14	14	2	2	9	3	2	1	5	3	2	2	1	4	6	3	2	112
FRED S. ROGERS	186	6	2	17	73	14	12	35	20	12	40	17	13	39	4	6	17	5	27	26	511
HARRY T. WARNER	57	3	4	15	9	7	13	14	5	6	7	5	44	9	1	7	5	16	1	2	236
PAT M. NEFF	532	17	22	40	95	10	8	74	42	12	32	36	30	58	20	16	45	8	11	10	1118
<b>For Lieutenant Governor:</b>																					
T. W. DAVIDSON	361	13	17	35	68	10	22	48	19	12	36	19	40	42	9	13	19	19	15	26	843
COL. BILLIE MAYFIELD, JR.	176	2	9	11	34	7	5	23	24	5	10	17	17	29	6	4	13	4	10	8	414
W. A. JOHNSON	83	2	1	6	30	10	2	18	6	5	11	12	7	12	4	1	10	2	4		226
JOE E. EDMONSON	30	4	0	7	14	2	1	7	9	2	4	6	6	4	2	2	3	4	9		116
ANDREW S. JAMESON	83	3	5	16	21	2	3	21	5	6	9	12	6	6	4	7	12	5	6		232
<b>For Attorney General:</b>																					
W. A. KEELING	854	30	47	107	201	34	33	136	75	35	83	66	105	129	27	36	83	33	47		2161
<b>For Railroad Commissioner:</b>																					
ALLISON MAYFIELD	496	13	20	46	105	14	22	72	43	14	49	25	37	56	15	13	29	15	15		1099
J. C. MASON	82	14	12	32	74	18	9	52	20	16	23	36	42	39	11	18	32	18	28		576
<b>For Comptroller:</b>																					
LON A. SMITH	460	22	16	49	113	16	13	70	28	10	38	21	41	48	15	13	32	14	15		1034
WM. M. WOODALL	270	6	19	32	65	17	19	57	37	22	28	39	39	44	11	19	29	19	29		801
<b>For State Treasurer:</b>																					
A. H. KERR	98	4	6	16	28	10	15	23	6	2	12	5	7	16	8	8	4	6	5		246
GEORGE G. GARRETT	60	1	3	13	22	2	4	16	8	1	5	7	9	5	4	5	12	5	5		192
LEE KIRGAN	10	0	0	3	2	0	0	2	2	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	1	0		25
L. E. TENNISON	44	1	0	2	0	2	1	6	4	2	3	10	1	5	1	2	0	1	1		86
W. D. CARROLL	227	2	18	10	78	10	7	44	32	17	15	25	38	36	4	7	26	9	27		640
C. V. TERRELL	183	5	5	6	20	2	4	12	1	1	23	2	8	17	0	4	8	1	1		303
ED. A. CHRISTIAN	61	3	2	15	13	1	0	11	6	5	2	4	7	12	6	3	4	9	3		167
<b>For Com. Gen. Land Office:</b>																					
J. T. ROBINSON	484	17	22	54	122	20	17	65	33	19	44	30	41	46	22	20	40	16	26		1138
J. C. THOMPSON	250	9	13	31	57	10	15	57	32	13	25	32	42	44	4	12	20	15	20		701
<b>For Supt. Public Instruction:</b>																					
JEFFERSON G. SMITH	218	5	18	39	68	8	13	60	15	13	11	12	35	25	7	15	19	16	23		636
S. M. N. MARRS	238	10	10	25	58	10	11	35	18	7	16	14	24	44	10	7	24	8	21		596
ED R. BENTLEY	253	8	6	16	46	12	8	26	31	8	42	33	17	22	7	9	15	16	10		593
<b>For Commissioner of Agriculture:</b>																					
GEORGE B. TERRELL	846	30	48	106	201	35	33	138	77	34	83	68	107	129	26	36	84	34	49		2164
<b>For Congressman 17th District:</b>																					
W. J. CUNNINGHAM	180	4	6	13	35	4	4	22	26	4	19	4	15	18	0	8	11	5	5		389
THOS. L. BLANTON	337	16	19	62	82	24	26	74	16	11	28	30	40	60	17	7	33	15	14		922
OSCAR CALLOWAY	126	4	14	12	56	1	3	11	5	3	9	9	16	23	4	10	10	28	17		371
JOSEPH B. DIBRELL	148	3	1	4	17	2	1	19	22	15	23	18	15	3	3	8	14	4	2		326
<b>For Asso. Justice Court Civil Appeals</b>																					
<b>Third Supreme Judicial District:</b>																					
J. K. BAKER	401	15	23	56	104	24	32	108	56	31	52	36	68	56	18	18	34	24	40		1216
M. B. BLAIR	186	7	5	10	40	3	2	4	3	1	12	5	7	36	3	5	14	9	3		355
JOHN W. BRADY	95	2	5	16	24	3	0	9	7	0	6	1	5	10	3	5	5	1	2		193
N. A. RECTOR	89	3	3	6	11	1	1	5	2	1	8	3	8	2	4	7	0	2			157
<b>For Dist. Attorney 35th Judicial Dis:</b>																					
WALTER U. EARLY	859	30	48	104	196	33	35	139	76	33	85	65	106	129	27	36	83	33	47		2164
<b>For Representative 93rd District:</b>																					
T. J. BEASLEY	357	13	21	21	94	14	23	21	21	16	71	8	11	32	11	15	35	5	13		799
A. B. WILSON	134	4	3	11	24	4	5	23	5	5	10	3	10	26	1	15	18	6	3		312
JAS. FINLAY	332	11	16	64	78	16	7	93	49	13	3	56	70	53	15	7	23	23	33		995
<b>For District Clerk:</b>																					
BOYD COMMANDER	431	21	30	67	97	24	18	61	17	2	50	6	19	107	15	23	39	21	17		1093
MISS MAGGIE McKEAND	247	4	8	17	65	7	8	28	3	15	23	42	31	8	1	12	29	5	18		582
FRANK W. LOHN	159	05	7	12	35	4	8	47	54	15	10	19	47	12	11	2	6	5	15		477
<b>For County Judge:</b>																					
E. J. ADKINS	658	12	30	60	110	1	7	47	49	33	48	30	55	108	19	29	43	14	38		1425
J. E. SHROPSHIRE	197	17	18	48	94	34	28	94	26	2	35	35	49	22	6	16	41	23	13		806
<b>For County Attorney:</b>																					
J. A. HOLTON	81	13		12	5			2	6		1	29		18	5	13					185
J. E. BROWN	31			19	5			25			9	12	4	6	12	19	7				143
<b>For County Clerk:</b>																					
W. J. YANTIS	463	14	27	56	127	18	31	46	16	21	61	11	35	82	13	30	52	22	24		1185
H. D. BRADLEY	395	16	22	51	75	17	4	94	60	13	21	56	69	48	16	15	23	15	26		1043
<b>For Sheriff:</b>																					
J. C. WALL	504	21	24	40	63	8	22	64	47	13	58	31	31	72	14	12	21	19	25		1114
OTIS WADDILL																					



# The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by  
H. Bedford Jones

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers

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**CHAPTER I.**—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jachin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Anselmy, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Anselmy, of their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball.

**CHAPTER II.**—Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine.

**CHAPTER III.**—In his library Joseph Maillard and a group of friends are held up and robbed by the Midnight Masquer.

"Now, Maillard," he quietly ordered, "you will have the kindness to turn around and open the wall safe behind you. And don't touch the button."

"That safe! Why—why—d—n you, I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"If you don't," was the cool threat. "I'll shoot you through the abdomen. A man fears a bullet there worse than death. It may kill you, and it may not; really, I care very little. You— you financier!"

Scorn leaped into the quiet voice, scorn that lashed and bit deep.

"You money trickster! Do you think I would spare such a man as you? You draw your rents from the poor and destitute, your mortgages cover half the parishes in the state, and in your heart is neither compassion nor pity for man or woman. Bah! I could shoot you down without a qualm!"

In his voice was so deadly a menace that Maillard trembled.

"There is nothing of mine in that safe," he said, his voice a low growl. "I have given it to my son to use. He is not here."

"That," said the Masquer calmly, "is exactly why I desire you to open it. Your son must make his contribution, for I keenly regret his absence. If you are a criminal, he is worse! You rob and steal under shelter of the law, but you have certain limitations, certain bounds of an almost outgrown honor. He has none, that son of yours. Why, he would not hesitate to turn your own tricks back upon you, to rob you, if he could! Open that safe or take the consequences; no more talk, now!"

The command cracked out like a whiplash. With a shrug of helplessness the banker turned and fumbled with the protruding knob of the safe. With one exception all eyes were fastened upon this amazing Masquer. The exception was Jachin Fell, who, suddenly alert and watchful, had turned his attention to Maillard and the safe, a keen speculation in his gaze as though he were wondering what that steel vault would produce.

All were silent. There was something about this Midnight Masquer that held them intently. Perhaps some were inclined to think him a jester, one of the party masquerading under the famous hand's guise; if so, his last words to Maillard had removed all such thought. That indictment had been deadly and terrible—and true, as they knew. Bob Maillard was not greatly admired by those among his father's friends who best knew him.

Now the door of the safe swung open. The compartments appeared empty.

"Take out the drawers and turn them up over the table," commanded the Masquer.

Maillard obeyed. From the last drawer there fell out on the table a large envelope, sealed. The Masquer leaned forward, seized upon this envelope, and crushed it into his pocket.

"Thank you," he observed. "That is all."

"D—n you!" cried Maillard, shaking a fist. "You'd try blackmail, would you?"

The bandit regarded him a moment, then laughed.

"If you know what was in that envelope, my dear financier, you might not speak so hastily. If I knew what was in it, I might answer you. But I don't know. I only suspect—and hope. And now, my friends—adieu!"

The Masquer sprang backward into the hall. The door slammed, the key clicked. He was gone!

Maillard was the first to wake into voice and action. "The other door!" he cried. "Into the dining room—"

He flung open a second door and dashed into the dining room, followed by the other men. Here the windows, giving upon the garden, were open. Then Maillard came to a sudden halt, and after him the others; through the night was pulsating, with great distinctness, the throbbing roar of an airplane motor! From Maillard broke a bitter cry:

"The detectives—I'll get the fools here! You gentlemen search the house. That fellow can't possibly have escaped—"

They hastily separated. Maillard dashed away to summon the detectives, also to get other men to aid in the search.

The result was vain. No one had been seen to enter or leave the house, and certainly there had been no airplane about. The Masquer had not appeared except in the library, and now he was most indubitably not in the house. By all testimony, he had neither entered it nor left it!

"Well, I'm d—d!" said Maillard, helplessly, to Judge Forester, when the search was concluded. "Not a trace of the scoundrel! Here, Fell—can't you help us? Haven't you discovered a thing?"

"Nothing," responded Jachin Fell, calmly.

At this instant Bob Maillard rushed up. He had just learned of the Masquer's visit. In response to his excited questioning his father described the scene in the library, and added:

"I trust there was nothing important among those papers of yours, Robert?"

"No," said the younger man. "No. Nothing valuable at all."

Henry Gramont was passing. He caught the words and paused, his gaze resting for an instant upon the group. A faint smile rested upon his rather harshly drawn features.

"I just found this," he announced, holding out a paper. "It was pinned to the outside of the library door. I presume that your late visitor left it as a memento?"

Jachin Fell took the paper, the other men crowding around him.

"Ah, Maillard! The same handwriting as that of your letter!"

Upon the paper was penciled a single hasty line:

"My compliments to Robert Maillard—and my thanks."

Bob Maillard sprang forward, angrily inspecting the paper. When he relinquished it, Fell calmly claimed it.

"Confound the rogue!" muttered the banker's son, turning away. His features were pale, perhaps with anger.

"There was nothing but stock certificates in that envelope—and they can be reissued."

The festivities were not broken up. News of the robbery gradually leaked out among the guests; the generally accepted verdict was that the Masquer had appeared, only to be frightened away before he could secure any loot.

It was nearly two in the morning when Jachin Fell, who was leaving, encountered Henry Gramont at the head of the wide stairway. He halted and turned to the younger man.

"Ah—have you a pencil, if you please?"

"I think so, Mr. Fell." Gramont felt beneath his Franciscan's robe, and extended a pencil.

Jachin Fell examined it, brought a paper from beneath his domino, and wrote down a word. The paper was that on which the farewell message of the Midnight Masquer had been written.

"A hard lead, a very hard point indeed!" said Fell. He pocketed the paper again and regarded Gramont steadily as he returned the pencil.

"Few men carry so hard a pencil, sir."

"You're quite right," and Gramont smiled. "I borrowed this from Bob Maillard only a moment ago. Its hardness surprised me."

"Do you know, a most curious thing—"

"Yes?" prompted Gramont, his eyes intent upon the little gray man.

"That paper you brought us—the paper which you found pinned to the library door," said Fell, apologetically.

"Do you know, Mr. Gramont, that oddly enough there were no pin holes in that paper?"

Gramont smiled faintly, as though he were inwardly amused over the remark.

"Not at all curious," he said, his voice level. "It was pinned rather stoutly—I tore off the portion bearing the message. I'll wager that you'll find the end of the paper still on the door downstairs. You might ascertain that its torn edge fits that of the paper in your pocket; if it did not, then the fact would be curious! I am most happy to have met you, Mr. Fell. I trust we shall meet again, often."

With a smile, he extended his hand, which Mr. Fell shook cordially.

Upon gaining the lower hall Fell glanced at the door of the library. There, still pinned to the wood where it had been unregarded by the passers-by, was a small scrap of paper. Mr. Fell glanced at it again, then shook his head and slowly turned away, as though resisting a temptation.

"No," he muttered. "No. It would be sure to fit the paper in my pocket. It would be sure to fit, confound him!"

A little later he left the house, striding briskly down the avenue. When he approached the first street light he came to a pause, and began softly to pat his person as though

searching for something.

"I told you that you'd pay for knowing too much about me, young man!" he said, softly. "What's this, now—what's this?"

A slight rustle of paper, as he walked along, had attracted his attention. He passed his hands over the loose, open domino that cloaked him; he detected a scrap of paper pinned to it in the rear. He loosened the paper, and under the street light managed to decipher the writing which it bore.

A faint smile crept to his lips as he read the penciled words:

"I do not love you, Jachin Fell. The reason why, I cannot tell. But this I know, and know full well, I do not love you, Jachin Fell!"

"Certainly the fellow has wit, if not originality," muttered Mr. Fell, as he carefully stowed away the paper. The writing upon it was in the hand of the Midnight Masquer.

## CHAPTER IV.

Callers.

The house in which Lucie Ledanois lived had been her mother's; the furniture and other things in it had been her mother's; the two negro servants, who spoke only the Creole French patois, had been her mother's. It was a small house, but very beautiful inside. The exterior betrayed a lack of paint or the money with which to have painting done.

The Ledanois family, although distantly connected with others such as the Maillards, had sent forth its final bud of fruit in the girl Lucie. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant, and through the years she had accompanied her father, an invalid, during the latter days. He had never been a man to count dollars or costs, and to a large extent he had outworn himself and the family fortunes in a vain search for health.

With Lucie he had been in Europe at the outbreak of war, and had come home to America only to die shortly afterward. Once deprived of his fine recklessness, the girl had found her affairs in a bad tangle. Under the guardianship of Maillard the tangle had been somewhat resolved and simplified, but even Maillard would appear to have made mistakes, and of late Lucie had against her will suspected something amiss in the matter of these mistakes.

It was natural, then, that she should take Jachin Fell into her confidence. Maillard had been her guardian, but it was to Fell that she had always come with her girlish cares and troubles, during even the lifetime of her father.

At precisely three o'clock of the Sunday afternoon Jachin Fell rang the doorbell and Lucie herself admitted him.

"Tell me quickly, Uncle Jachin!" eagerly exclaimed the girl. "Did you

actually see the Midnight Masquer last night? I didn't know until afterward that he had really been downstairs and had robbed—"

"I saw him, my dear," and the little gray man smiled. There was more warmth to his smile than usual just now. Perhaps it was a reflection from the eager vitality which so shone in the eyes of Lucie. "I saw him, yes."

A restless face was hers—not beautiful at first glance; a little too strong for beauty, one would say. The deep gray eyes were level and quiet and wide apart, and on most occasions were quite inscrutable. They were now filled with a quick eagerness as they rested upon Jachin Fell. Lucie called him uncle, but not as she called her mother's uncle; here was no distant, formal affection of relationship, but a purely abiding trust and friendship.

Jachin Fell had done more for Lucie than she herself knew or would know; without her knowledge he had quietly taken care of her finances to an appreciable extent. Between them lay an affection that was very real, Lucie, better than most, knew the extraordinary capabilities of this little gray man; yet not even Lucie guessed a tenth of the character that lay beneath his surface. To her he was never reserved or secretive. Nonetheless, she touched sometimes an impenetrable wall that seemed ever present within him.

"You saw him?" repeated the girl, quickly. "What was he like? Do you know who he is?"

"Certainly I know," replied Fell, still smiling at her.

"Oh! Then who is he?"

"Softly, softly, young lady! I know him, but even to you I dare not breathe his name until I obtain some direct evidence. Let us call him Mr. X., after the approved methods of romance, and I shall expound what I know."

"The bandit did not enter the house during the evening, nor did he leave, nor was he found in the house afterward," he went on, tonelessly. "So, incredible as it may appear, he was one of the guests. This Mr. X. came to the dance wearing the aviator's costume, or most of it, underneath his masquerade costume. When he was ready to act, he doffed his outer costume, appeared as the Midnight Masquer, effected his purpose, then calmly donned his outer costume again and resumed his place among the guests. You understand?"

"Well, then! Maillard yesterday brazenly stating that he intended to call during the evening. I have that note. It was written with an extremely hard pencil, such as few men carry, because it does not easily make very legible writing. Last night I asked Mr. X. for a pencil, and he produced one with an extra hard lead—mentioning that he had borrowed it from Bob Maillard, as indeed he had."

"What! Surely you don't mean—"

"Of course I don't. Mr. X. is very clever, that's all. Here is what took place last night. Mr. X. brought us another note from the Masquer, saying that he had found it pinned to the library door. As a matter of fact, he had written it on a leaf torn from his notebook. I took the note from him, observing at the time that the paper had no pin holes. Probably Mr. X. saw that there was something amiss; he presently went back downstairs, took the remainder of the torn leaf from his notebook, and pinned it to the door. A little later I met him and mentioned the lack of pin holes; he calmly referred me to the piece on the door, saying that he had merely torn off the note without removing the pins. You follow me?"

"Of course," murmured the girl, her eyes wide in fascinated interest. "And he knew that you guessed him to be the Masquer?"

"He suspected me, I think," said Fell, mildly. "It is understood that you will not go about tracing these little clues?"

"Don't be silly, Uncle Jachin!" she broke in. "You know I'll do nothing of the sort. Go on, please! Did you find the airplane?"

"Yes," Jachin Fell smiled dryly. "I was thinking of that as I left the house and came to the line of waiting automobiles. A word with one of the outside detectives showed me that one of the cars in the street had been testing its engine about midnight. I found that the car belonged to Mr. X."

"How simple, Lucie, and how very clever! The chauffeur worked a powerful motor with a muffler cut out at about the time Mr. X., inside the house, was making his appearance. It scarcely sounded like an airplane motor, yet frightened and startled, people would imagine that it did. Thus arose the legend that the Midnight Masquer came and departed by means of airplane—a theory aided ingeniously by his costume. Well, that is all I know or suspect, my dear Lucie! And now—"

"Now, I suppose," said the girl, thoughtfully, "you'll put that awful Creole of yours on the track of Mr. X.?" Ben Chacherre is a good chauffeur, and he's amusing enough—but he's a bloodhound! I don't wonder that he used to be criminal. Even if you have rescued him from a life of crime, you haven't improved his looks."

"Exactly—Ben is at work," asserted Jachin Fell. "The gentleman under suspicion is very prominent. To accuse him without proof would be utterly folly. To catch him in flagrant delicto will be difficult. So I am in no haste. Besides, I can as yet discover no motive for his crimes, since he is quite well off financially. Well, no matter! Now that I have fully unburdened myself, my dear, it is your turn."

"All right, Uncle Jachin." Lucie took a large morocco case from the chair beside her, and extended it.

"You lent me these things to wear last night, and I—"

"No, no," intervened Fell. "I gave them to you, my dear—in fact, I gave them to you two years ago, and kept them until now! You have worn them; they are yours, and you become them better than even did poor Queen Hortense! So say no more."

Lucie leaned forward and imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of the little gray man. "There! That is all the thanks I can give you, dear uncle; the gift makes me very happy, and I'll not pretend otherwise. Only, I feel as though I had no right to wear them—they're so wonderful!"

"Nonsense! But all this isn't why you summoned me here, you bundle of mystery! What bothered you last night, or, rather, who?"

Lucie laughed. "There was a Franciscan who tried to be very mysterious, and to read my mind. He talked about oil, about a grasping, hard man, and mentioned you as my friend. Then he warned me against a man called Bob might make; and sure enough, Bob did propose to buy what land is left to me on Bayou Terrebonne, saying he'd persuade his oil company that there was oil on it, and that they'd buy or lease it. I told him no. The Franciscan, afterward, proved to be Henry Gramont; I wondered if you had mentioned—"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Fell, piously. "I never even met Gramont until last night! Do you like him?"

"Very much." The girl's eyes met his frankly. "Do you?"

"Very much," said Jachin Fell.

Lucie's gray eyes narrowed, searched his face. "I'm almost able to tell when you're lying," she observed calmly. "You said that a trifle too hastily, Uncle Jachin. Why don't you like him?"

Fell laughed, amused. "Perhaps I have a prejudice against foreign nobles, Lucie. Our own aristocracy is bad enough, but—"

"He's discarded all that. He was never French except in name."

"You speak as though you'd known him for some time. Have you had secrets from me?"

"I have!" laughter dimpled in the girl's face. "For years and years! When I was in New York with father, before the war, we met him; he was visiting in Newport with college friends. Then, you know that father and I were in France when the war broke out—father was ill and almost helpless at the time, you remember. Gramont came to Paris to serve with his regiment, and met us there. He helped us get away, procured real money for us, got us passage to New York. He knows lots of our friends, and I've always been deeply grateful to him for his assistance then."

"We've corresponded quite frequently during the war," she pursued. "I mentioned him several times after we got home from France, but you probably failed to notice the name. It's only since he came to New Orleans that I really kept any secrets from you; this time I wanted to find out if you liked him."

Jachin nodded slowly. His face was quite innocent of expression.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Yes—of course! He's a geologist or engineer, I think?"

"Both, and a good one. Well, about last night—he probably guessed at some of my private affairs; I've written or spoken rather frankly, perhaps. Also, Bob may have blabbed to him. Bob still drinks—prohibition has not hit him very hard!"

"No," agreed Fell, gravely. "Unfortunately, no. Lucie, I've discovered a most important fact. Joseph Maillard did not own any stock in the Bayou Oil company at the time your land was sold them by him, and he had no interest at all in the real estate concern that bought your St. Landry swamp lands and made a fortune of them. We have really blamed him most unjustly. I do not believe that he has profited in the least from you. His investments in the companies concerned were made afterward, and I am certain he sold the lands innocently."

Lucie drew a deep breath.

"I am glad you have said this," she returned simply. "It's been hard for me to think that Uncle Joseph had taken advantage of me; I think that he honestly likes me, as far as he permits himself to like anyone."

"He'd not loan you money on it," said Fell. "Friendship isn't a tangible security with him."

"Well, who really did profit by my loss? Anyone?"

Fell's pale gray eyes twinkled, then cleared in their usually wide innocence.

"My dear Lucie, is there one person in this world to whose faults Joseph Maillard is deliberately blind—one person to whom he would refuse nothing, in whom he would pardon everything, of whom he would never believe any evil report?"

"You mean—?" Lucie drew a quick breath—"Bob?"

"Yes, I mean Bob. That he has profited by your loss I am not yet in a position to say; but I suspect it. When I have finished with the Masquer, I shall take up his trail."

Jachin Fell rose. "Now I must be off, my dear. Will you dine with us tomorrow evening, Lucie? My mother commanded me to bring you as soon as possible—"

"Oh, your mother!" exclaimed the girl, contritely. "I was so absorbed in the Masquer that I forgot to ask after her. How is she?"

"Quite as usual, thank you."

"I'll come tomorrow night gladly, Uncle Jachin."

"And we'll take a look at the Proteus ball afterward, if you like. I'll send Ben Chacherre for you with the car, if you're not afraid of him."

"I'm not exactly afraid of him," Lucie responded, soberly, "but there is something about him that I can't like. I'm sorry that you're trying to regenerate him, in a way."

Fell shrugged lightly. "All life is an effort, little one! Well, goodbye."

Jachin Fell left the house at three-forty. Twenty minutes later the bell rang again. Lucie sent one of the servants to admit Henry Gramont; she kept him waiting a full fifteen minutes before she appeared, and then she made no apologies whatever for the delay.

Not that Gramont minded waiting; he deemed it a privilege to linger in this house! He loved to study the place, so reflective of its owner. He loved the white Colonial mantel that surrounded the fireplace, perpetually alight, with its gleaming sheen of old brass and the intricate design on one side. The very air of the place, the atmosphere that it breathed, was sweet to him.

The Napoleon bed that filled the bow window, with its pillows and soft coverings; the inlaid walnut cabinet made by Sheraton, with its quaintly curved glasses that reflected the old-time curios within; the tilt tables, the rosewood chairs, the rugs, bought before the oriental rug market was flooded with machine-made Senna knots—about everything here had an air of comfort, of long use, of restfulness. It was not the sort of place built up, raw item by raw item, by the color-frenzied hands of decorators. It was the sort of place that decorators strive desperately to imitate, and cannot.

When she made her appearance, Gramont bent over her hand and ad-

dressed her in French.

"You are charming as ever, Shining One! And in years to come you will be still more charming. That is the beauty of having a name taken direct from the classics and bestowed as a good fairy's gift—"

"Thank you, monsieur—but you have translated my name at least twenty times, and I am weary of hearing it," responded Lucie, laughingly.

"Poor taste, mademoiselle, to grow weary of such beauty!"

"Not of the name, but of your exegesis upon it. Why should I not be



"Poor Taste, Mademoiselle, to Grow Weary of Such Beauty!"

dispensed? Last night you were positively rude, and now you decry my taste! Did you leave all your manners in France, M. le prince?"

"Some of them, yes—and all that prince stuff with them." Smiling as he dropped into English, Gramont glanced about the room, and his eyes softened.

"This is a lovely and lovable home of yours, Lucie!" he exclaimed, gravely. "So few homes are worthy the name; so few have in them the intimate air of use and friendliness—why are so many furnished from bargain sales? This place is touched with repose and sweetness; to come and sit here is a privilege. It is like being in another world, after all the money striving and the dollar madness of the city."

"Oh!" The girl's gaze searched him curiously. "I hope you're not going to take the fine artistic pose that it is a crime to make money?"

Gramont laughed.

"Not much! I want to make money myself; that's one reason I'm in New Orleans. Still, you cannot deny that there is a craze about the eternal clutching after dollars. I can't make the dollar sign the big thing in life, Lucie. You couldn't, either."

She frowned a little.

"You seem to have the European notion that all Americans are dollar chasers!"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "In a sense, yes; why not?" he answered. "I am an American. I am a dollar chaser, and not ashamed of it. I am going into business here. Once it is a success, I shall go on; I shall see America, I shall come to know this whole country of mine, all of it! I have been a month in New Orleans—do you know, a strange thing happened to me only a few days after I arrived here!"

With her eyes she urged him on, and he continued gravely:

"In France I met a man, an American sergeant named Hammond. It was just at the close of things. We had adjoining cots at Nice—"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, quickly. "I remember, you wrote about him—the man who had been wounded in both legs! Did he get well? You never said."

"I never knew until I came here," answered Gramont. "One night, not long after I had got established in my pension on Burgundy street, a man tried to rob me. It was this sergeant, Hammond; we recognized each other almost at once."

"I took him home with me and learned his story. He had come back to America only to find his wife dead, from influenza, his home broken up, his future destroyed. He drifted to New Orleans, careless of what happened to him. He flung himself desperately into a career of burglary and pillage. Well, I gave Hammond a job; he is my chauffeur. You would never recognize him as the same man now! I am very proud of his friendship."

"That was well said," Lucie nodded her head quickly. "I shan't call you M. le prince any more—unless you object!"

(Continued Next Week)

Indians from Montana, California and British Columbia will join the Yakima Indians during a big fish carnival held at Prosser, Washington, to celebrate the victory of the Yakimas over the state of Washington. For years the state has tried to exclude the Indians from spearing salmon at the falls as the fish are on the way up the river to spawn. The Indians, beaten in state courts, went to the Supreme Court of the United States and their case was upheld by the highest court in the land. Salmon caught in this manner is dried and smoked for winter food.